

PRIEST MISSING, HAD \$19,000 IN HIS POSSESSION.

(Continued from First Page.)

MISSING PRIEST'S WORK AND THE THREATENING LETTERS.

Took charge of the Williamsbridge parish last December. Antagonized the padrones and a clique of Italians who were profiting by the ignorance of their poorer countrymen by his efforts to help the Italian laborers.

Received the first threatening letter on Oct. 21 last. He was ordered to pay \$3,000 to a masked man whom he was to meet in Bronx Park.

Received the second letter on the following Wednesday. In this the kidnapers threatened to kill him if he did not comply with their demands.

Received the third and last letter last Monday. This letter said, "WE WILL KILL YOU." The time set for his death was Friday (yesterday) at 2 o'clock.

Was called away from his home Friday evening by two men who said they were sent by Capt. Foody.

Capt. Foody had sent no message to him, and the men were not detectives.

and the young priest was complimented on the prosperous condition he had brought the to.

On Oct. 23 he received the first of the threatening letters. This letter was signed "A. B. C." and in part as follows:

"We are nine workmen with nine families. No work and starving. You are a young priest and prosperous."

The letter then went on to say that the priest must give up \$3,000. He was ordered to walk three miles in a certain direction through Bronx Park. At the end of his walk he would meet a masked man to whom he was to give the money. If he failed to carry out the order he would be kidnapped and would "know the consequences."

The letter was written in English, correctly spelled, but evidently written by several men, as the handwriting changed in several places and in all looked as though attempts had been made to disguise the penmanship.

Father Cirringione paid no attention to the threat, but kept the letter. On the following Wednesday he received the second letter. It read as follows:

"We have grown tired of waiting. We will give you another chance. You have until 2 o'clock on Saturday to pay the money. If you do not pay it as we direct we will kill you on the spot."

(Signed) A. B. C."

This letter caused the priest some uneasiness, and he took it and the first one to Capt. Foody, of the Wakefield police station. Capt. Foody detailed detectives to look into the matter.

Nothing more was heard from the mysterious enemies until last Monday, when the priest received this letter:

"Now we are mad. We will kill you on the spot if the money is not paid by 2 o'clock Friday."

"WE WILL KILL YOU. (Signed), A. B. C."

BY SPECIAL DELIVERY.

The last paragraph was heavily written and underlined. The letter came by special delivery and arrived Monday morning.

Father Cirringione communicated with Capt. Foody and informed his friends of the threats that had been made against him. He became somewhat worried over the matter, and on Thursday visited his father at No. 300 West Seventeenth street.

They discussed the affair until late that night, and the priest remained at his father's house until Friday morning. At noon yesterday he went back to his home in Williamsbridge.

He remained in the house during the afternoon, and was visited by the Rev. Father Anthony, a missionary, and several other friends. After dinner they began a game of cards.

Those in the house at the time were the Rev. Fathers Marchesi, Orlandi and Anthony. Rocco Panna, sexton of the church; his wife, who is a niece of Father Cirringione, and their little daughter also lived in the house. The three priests were playing cards in the rear room on the ground floor and Father Cirringione was walking up and down the hall. Panna was sitting in a doorway across the hall from the rear room watching the card game and smoking.

Father Anthony and the others waited for him some time and then visited the police station. They learned that no message had been sent by Capt. Foody and that no detectives had been sent to see the priest.

No trace of him was found during the night, and Father Anthony, accompanied by Rocco Panna, the sexton of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, visited the father, Anthony Cirringione, at his home on West Seventeenth street and informed him of the disappearance of his son.

A peculiar incident connected with the disappearance of the priest, and one which has made a deep impression upon the Italians of the parish, was related to-day by Panna, the sexton.

When Father Cirringione did not return at 11 o'clock last night Father Anthony and Panna ran down to the chapel, which is about two blocks from the house, to see if he was there. The new church is not finished yet and the ground floor of a two-story building is being used as a chapel. The key is kept in a barber shop next door, so that all who wish to pray during the day may find it there and enter.

When Father Anthony and Panna arrived at the chapel the door was locked and the key was gone from the barber shop. The barber knew nothing of its disappearance. It was shortly after 11 o'clock, and Father Anthony and Panna looked in through the window of the chapel. They could see no sign of the priest they sought, but both noticed with consternation that the sanctuary light which always burns at the altar in a Catholic church was out.

This light is supposed to burn night and day, and for it to go out is believed by the superstitious to be a great sign of ill omen.

BOUGHT A REVOLVER.

One of the early visitors at the priest's house to-day was Civil Justice Roesch. He was a warm friend and ardent admirer of Father Cirringione and the priest had informed him several days ago regarding the letters. At that time Father Cirringione had purchased a revolver with which, he said, he intended to defend himself.

"With your Italian nature you are liable to get excited and shoot the wrong man," said Justice Roesch to him.

"No, I shall not," replied the priest. "These men are kidnapers, and they have threatened me."

Justice Roesch asked him if he thought the Mafia had anything to do with it.

"No, no, no!" replied the priest. "In my country the Mafia is not that kind of an organization. This is not the work of Italians. It is the work of Americans or English-speaking men. Others have received the same kind of letters. I do not believe my own people would harm me."

Neither the elder Cirringione nor his daughters speak English, and a Mrs. Maud Allen, who is stopping with them, acted as interpreter.

The father and sister were overcome by grief. They believe the priest's dead body will be found somewhere in the Bronx to-day.

A detective at work on the case took two of the letters that had been sent to Father Cirringione to Post-Office station No. 153, in West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. The clerk in charge, L. A. Janow, examined the letters and told him that one had been posted at Station S, Howard street and Broadway, and the other at Station H, Lexington avenue and Forty-fourth street.

Both letters were in the same handwriting and in the opinion of the postal clerk were written by a foreigner. They were the last two letters received by the missing priest.

The detective was advised to see the Post-Office inspector, and said he would do so.

In the general alarm sent out by the police Father Cirringione is de-

FATHER JOSEPH CIRRINGIONE, LURED AWAY, PERHAPS KILLED.



Father Cirringione.

scribed as being thirty-three years of age, about 5 feet 11 inches in height, weighing 170 pounds, and with dark hair, eyes and complexion. When last seen he wore clerical clothing. He walked with a slight stoop.

POPULAR WITH PROTESTANTS.

The missing priest was a man of remarkable gifts. He possessed wonderful magnetism and was popular with both Protestants and Catholics. He was a natural orator and at the age of twelve years read an original sermon in the Cathedral at Palermo, which attracted attention from so eminent a churchman as Cardinal Rampolla.

A festival was being celebrated in the cathedral and Cardinal Rampolla was one of the visitors. After hearing the young lad's remarkable sermon Cardinal Rampolla sought the boy's father and asked to be allowed to take the youth to Rome to be educated. The father said the mother's consent would have to be obtained. She was working in the fields at the time and was sent for. She refused to let her son be taken to Rome, but Cardinal Rampolla prevailed upon her to allow him to have the boy educated and he began his studies at once. Cardinal Rampolla was his sponsor when he was ordained a priest and has been a firm friend and adviser ever since.

At the time of the last convocation, when Cardinal Rampolla was mentioned as a possible successor to Pope Leo XIII., Father Cirringione expressed the hope that Cardinal Rampolla would be selected. "It would mean a higher and broader field for me and one in which I could do better work for God and humanity," he said.

OTHER VICTIMS OF "A. B. C."

Letters demanding money and conveying threats similar to those sent to Father Cirringione have been received by several other residents of Williamsbridge. This fact has become known and the Italian community there has been a state of terror. In one case the threat of the mysterious "A. B. C." was partly executed and its victim brutally beaten.

Gaetano Riggi, a baker, of No. 110 Sixth street, Williamsbridge, received two letters, each demanding \$100, which he ignored, and one night about three weeks ago a dozen men called at his home and assaulted him so viciously that he has since been in bed. He said he recognized some of the men as being members of the Malevito Society, which in English means Bad Men.

DAVIS EXAMINES POLICE SERGEANTS

Deputy Commissioner Davis held an investigation at his office this morning of the charges of misconduct in the management of the Fifth Street Police Station, which was first called by Commissioner Greene several weeks ago.

Capt. Frank Fuchs was Acting Captain at the time, in the absence of Capt. Kerr, who was on sick leave, and when Commissioner Greene found things were not going right there he put Capt. Stephen McDermott in charge and sent Fuchs to Leonard Street station. Since that time evidence has been collected against the officer.

ABOLISHES JOB OF CHIEF ENGINEER

Bridge Commissioner Gustav Lindenthal to-day announced that he had abolished the position of Chief Engineer in the Bridge Department.

This position until May last was filled by Leffert L. Buck, who at that time engaged in a controversy with the Bridge Commissioner over a question of authority. It resulted in the reduction of Engineer Buck to the position of Consulting Engineer at a reduced salary. Tammany men believe that the official abolishment of the position of Chief Engineer is done to prevent the Commissioner's successor from recreating the position.

DR. F. W. CHAPIN NOT INSANE

His Condition Said to Be Due to Overdose of Narcotics.

Dr. F. W. Chapin, of No. 17 West Fifteenth street, who was taken to the psychiatric ward of the Bellevue Hospital Thursday, supposed to be insane, was yesterday removed to Walnut Lodge, Hartford, Conn., a sanatorium where he will rest for a while.

PLAYS ON ROOF, FALLS TO DEATH

Chased by Another Boy, Young Harry Kucherhoff Tumbles Into a Scuttle and Meets with a Dreadful Fate.

Chased by a boy some few years his senior on the roof of the house No. 10 Rutgers place, Harry Kucherhoff, twelve years old, fell through a scuttle to the tiled pavement on the ground, four floors below. His brains were dashed out, death coming instantly.

Young Kucherhoff had been in the habit of playing on the roof with some of his friends. A pigeon cot filled with birds offered the boys amusement, inasmuch as they found an opportunity of chasing the pigeons every time they came from the cote to the roof.

While this was going on to-day an older boy appeared and he gave chase to the younger party, of which Harry was a member. In his hurry to escape Harry did not notice a scuttle protected in a measure by a balustrade. The boy slipped, went under the flimsy protection and fell to the bottom of the shaft.

The boy's head was literally split open. The body was taken to a hospital. The first intimation of the dreadful accident received by the mother was when the friends of the lad brought home the portions of his brain that had been battered out in the fall.

WOMAN INSULTER SEIZED AT BRIDGE

Man Professing to Be Nephew of Cardinal Vanutelli. Caught by a Policeman Accosting a Handsomely Dressed Girl.

Professing to be the nephew of Cardinal Vanutelli, an Italian nobleman, John Vanutelli, a handsome, well-dressed man of twenty-five, was arrested in Centre Street Court to-day charged with insulting women at the New York entrance of the bridge.

For weeks past women have been subjected to insults at the bridge entrance. Many complaints have reached the police, but the offender could not be caught. Policeman Rauterhaun, of the Oak street station, was stationed at the bridge to watch for the offender. His efforts were rewarded last night when he saw Vanutelli push his way through a crowd of women and stop before a handsomely-gowned woman of twenty. He spoke to her. Her face became crimson and with a scream she fled.

Rauterhaun seized the Italian by the collar. "You are under arrest," he said. Vanutelli was taken to the police station and locked up on a charge of disorderly conduct. He spent the night in a cell and was taken to court to-day. He spoke little English and made no statement in court.

"There has been too much of this sort of thing," said the Magistrate. "I will impose a fine of \$10 on you this time. Next time I will make it heavier." Vanutelli paid the fine and walked from court. He gave his address as No. 119 East One Hundred and Tenth street, in a rooming house. He is said to have come to this country four months ago.

PLANS TWO NEW POLICE PRECINCTS

Commissioner Greene Would Locate Them Between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth Streets, Dividing Tenderloin District.

Commissioner Greene has a plan for creating more police precincts between Fourteenth and Fifty-ninth streets. He wrote yesterday to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, asking them to allow him the money to build two new station-houses, as these precincts are altogether too large.

The proposed precincts are to be called the Twentieth and Twenty-fifth. The Twentieth to be in East Twenty-ninth street, the twenty-fifth west of Fifth avenue, somewhere between Forty-ninth and Fifty-ninth streets.

If the plan goes into effect the Commissioner purposes to change the numbers of all the precincts in the city north of Fourteenth street, and place the odd numbers of precincts on the west side and the even on the east side. His object is to have smaller precincts and more evenness in size. Some are too large at present, while others are too small.

Under the new plan the precincts would be divided by Sixth avenue, and all equal in size, and average nine blocks north and south from Fourteenth street to Fifty-ninth street, five precincts being on each side of Fifth avenue. In doing this the Tenderloin district would be cut in two, the new precincts being a section of it and the old Tenderloin wiped out.

With this proposed division the Commissioner would need the new Tenderloin station house, which had been planned, and will need only two new captains and two desk sergeants.

POLICE GET ANARCHIST.

Prisoner with Record Supposed to Have Designs on Italy's King.

CHERBOURG, France, Nov. 14.—An anarchist, named Lumbin, was arrested this morning. The arrest created intense excitement in view of the approaching arrival here of the King and Queen of Italy on their way to England. The prisoner, who had been an employee of an analytical laboratory, is twenty years old.

He arrived at Cherbourg two days ago and was recognized by the Paris police, sent to watch over the safety of the Italian sovereigns, as a dangerous anarchist who had at one time been imprisoned at Troyes in connection with an anarchist outrage.

STOPS RUNAWAY AT RISK OF LIFE

Policeman Baumbach Throws Horse on Its Haunches, Averting Serious Injury to Crowd of Terror-Stricken Women.

By jumping at the head of a runaway horse Policeman Baumbach, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, saved a group of women to-day from serious injury and possibly prevented the death of one or more of them. When the infuriated animal, attached to a heavy delivery wagon, was brought to a stop the women were only a few feet distant.

Stricken with fear, the women, who were crossing First avenue at One Hundred and Fourth street, stood helpless in the middle of the street. Baumbach saw the runaway coming down the avenue, and rushing out to meet it, jumped from the ground, caught the bridle and threw the horse on its haunches. The policeman is a big, brawny athlete, with a reputation for enormous strength.

The delivery wagon belongs to John McGowan, of No. 137 East One Hundred and Sixty-ninth street, and was in charge of Samuel Gabriel, of No. 203 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street. Attempting to fix a seat while the horse was standing at the corner of First avenue and One Hundred and Third street the animal became frightened and dashed down the avenue at terrific speed. Gabriel was thrown out of the wagon and badly hurt about the head.

He was taken to his home in a Harlem Hospital ambulance.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the street, women, children and men rushing in all directions. The runaway occurred at the busiest hour for the shopping crowds which frequent this neighborhood.

BLOWS OUT HIS BRAINS IN HOTEL

Herman Kreher, Prosperous Shoe Manufacturer of Hoboken, Shoots Himself in Right Temple.

Herman Kreher, well known in Hoboken as a property owner and proprietor of a shoemaking establishment, shot himself through the right temple to-day in a hotel at No. 12 Washington street. He died almost instantly.

Why Kreher should have taken his life is a mystery to his family, which lives at No. 105 Hudson street, Hoboken. He was prosperous, had no domestic troubles on his mind and was in good health. When he left his home yesterday afternoon he was in the best of spirits and said that he would return within a couple of hours.

After departing from Hoboken with a package of shoes, Kreher went to the steamships Pennsylvania and Puget Bismarck, on both of which he had friends. His leaving home of these friends is now recalled as having been very emphatic.

From the ships he came to New York, going at once to the hotel on Washington street. This morning the hotel guests were startled by the report of a pistol shot which was traced to Kreher's room. He was found sitting on a chair fully dressed, even to his overcoat. From a wound on the right side of his head blood was gushing.

Kreher leaves a widow and two children, a daughter, eighteen years and son aged twelve.

OFF FOR SCHOOL

Send Youngster Away Well Fed.

Unless the school child has food that nourishes brain and nerves as well as muscles the child will not develop as it should.

Brain wastes away daily, just like the rest of the body, and must be rebuilt, and the only way to do this is by the proper food selected for just this purpose.

A schoolgirl of Worcester, Mass., wrote an interesting article about her experiments with food to study on: "Two years ago I had indigestion so bad that food did not nourish me, and I lost a great deal of flesh and strength and was always suffering from trouble in my stomach. I could not study, for my head always seemed clogged up."

"One day at school I noticed that one of the girls had a box of Grape-Nuts. I asked her about it, and, from what she told me, made up my mind to try the food."

"As the result of eating Grape-Nuts three times a day in place of improperly selected food, I have at last found the way to permanently cure my indigestion. Grape-Nuts food is light, delicious and digests without trouble; the heavy feeling in my stomach is gone, and I have been gaining flesh rapidly ever since I made the change to Grape-Nuts."

"Not only is the improvement physical, but I feel so much better and clearer in my head, and I have more ambition than I have ever known before. I used to feel so fagged out in my brain and stupid and had headaches, but that is all gone, and now I feel like a new person."

"I am absolutely certain that Grape-Nuts helps me get my lessons, because now I can sit for hours and study and accomplish a great deal, while when I was living on the old diet I could simply sit there and accomplish nothing."

"To tell the truth, Grape-Nuts, as I tell all my friends, worked a miracle in my case. My mother is signing this letter to confirm all the statements I have made." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

39 out of 40 Get Well

Who Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative A Month at My Risk.

And that is just what I give. Not a penny expense to you if my Restorative fails. With me, it is simply, how can I get the sick to use Dr. Shoop's Restorative that they may find out for themselves—without risk—what my prescription can do?

If the sick all knew what I know of this remedy, then no offer like this need be made. But some do not. Some may never have even heard of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. And it is to just such that I make this appeal.

I am enthusiastic. My enthusiasm is due to knowledge—to actual experience obtained in hospitals and at bedside with this prescription. I must reach those not well. I must bring to them the help they desire, that they, in turn, may make known to other sufferers what Dr. Shoop's Restorative has done for them. And to do this quickly and without delay, I give to everybody—everywhere—an opportunity to use my remedy a full month on trial.

My past records show that I have failed in only one case out of each 40 where this month test was made. Just think of that! Thirty-nine paid gladly, and the fortieth had no expense. That is a record I am proud of.

Those who know about my Restorative—who have used it—care nothing about my "month's test." They keep it in the home constantly, as a safeguard. When an off day comes, a few doses set things right again. To them it is an insurance against serious attacks—against continued illness.

How to Secure Trial Treatment.

Write me and simply ask for the book you need. A postal will do, or sign the coupon. Then I will arrange with a druggist near you, so that you can secure six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative to make the test. Send me no money. You deal with your druggist, remember. Use the Restorative a full month—then decide. If it succeeds, the cost to you is \$5.50; if it fails, I will have the druggist bill the cost to me. Could anything be more fair?

To delay means to forget. Write now, while you have it in mind. This is important.

DR. SHOOP'S RESTORATIVE

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Dr. Shoop, Box 9951, Hoboken, N. J.

Send me book No. 1, and tell me where I can secure six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative on 30 days trial.

Book 1 on Dyspepsia Book 2 on the Heart Book 3 on the Liver Book 4 for Women Book 5 on Rheumatism Book 6 on Stomach

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THE CIGAR that's proud of its name, because its quality is always the same. The only smoke that never changes in aroma or in price.

The Largest Selling Brand of Cigars in the World

The Band is the Smoker's Protection

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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

ANNUAL SALE—TEN MILLION BOXES Greatest in the World

A MILLION GOOD FELLOWS have learned that "a CASCARET at night makes you feel all right in the morning." And they have told other good fellows, until the sale of CASCARETS Candy Cathartics is over a MILLION BOXES A MONTH. Nature punishes every excess, and over-eating, over-drinking, under-sleeping result in stomach, liver, kidney and bowel troubles that are liable to become very serious. It is very unwise to wait until the digestion is stopped, the bowels constipated, the tongue coated, the breath offensive, and the nerves tortured with a raging sick headache. To prevent all this, take a CASCARET just before going to bed, and wake up in the morning feeling fine and dandy, ready for work or play. Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped O.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago or New York.

For Political Facts and Figures See
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